THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Choosers of the Slain.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

"The Valkyriur or Fatal Sisters were female divinities, servants of Adin in the Gothic Mythology. Their name signifies Choosers of the Slain. They were mounted on swift horses with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle, selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhallah the palace of Adin, or paradise of the brave."

Brightly in Valhallah's hall,
O'er the glittering tables shine
Silver lamps, while those that fall
'Neath the Battle-spirit's pall,
Joyous quaff the rosy wine.

Minstrels wake the slumberings,
Of each sweet harp's silver strings.—
Deeds of fame are roll'd in song,
That have lain through ages long
Where oblivion spread around
Shades of deepest gloom profound;
Gladdening the souls of all
Who revel high in Adin's hall.

Forth into the battle plain
Rush the choosers of the slain—
Each upon a jet-black steed,
Equal to the storm in speed—
Holding in her glowing hand
A living flame, her battle brand,
Which shall doom a heart to bleed
Wheresoe'er its point may turn;
He on whom its shadow falls
Leaves the field for Adin's halls!
Ere the scene of battle closes,
Ere the warrior's spear reposes,
Many a widowed bride shall mourn!—
Wither'd twine shall dry and burn!
Many a youthful heart that high,
Throbs to sounds of chivalry,
Ere night's gloomy wings are furled,
Ere from yonder hills is curled
Morning's mist, shall kiss around
The flaming blade that gives the wound!
Happy, happy those who fall—
They shall feast in Adin's hall!
O'er the field where sabres clash,
Quick as forked lightning's flash,
The unearthly maidens wave,
Each her falchion o'er the brave;
Where the battle's din is loudest,
When high hearts are beating proudest,
When victorious hope alighteth,
Then each maiden deeply smiteth,
Till they have selected all
Who shall feast in Adin's hall.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Julia Montgomery,

A Story of Wyoming.

BY MISS S. E. WILLIAMS.

"Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When trans-atlantic Liberty arose;
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes;
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains,
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts——"

Who has not heard of the beautiful valley of Wyoming? Wyoming! A name most thrilling to the heart; at the hearing of which so many sad and exciting recollections come thronging upon the memory—recollections of unrequited toil, of privation, suffering, and fearful death, dealt by the hands of the merciless savages, or the worse than merciless whites who were leagued with them. The massacre, on the dreadful day of the battle of Wyoming, was so general, that the affecting language of inspiration regarding the bereavement of the Egyptians, might have been almost literally applied to them. There were few families, if any, in the valley, that were not called to mourn for kindred slain. Among those on which the hand of affliction fell most heavily, was the family of Montgomery.

Mr. Montgomery had removed from Connecticut to Wyoming a few years before the commencement of our struggle for national independence. The farm which he purchased was extensive, and situated in the midst of beautiful and romantic scenery. The inhabitants, too, among whom his family was placed, won its affection by their kindness; for it has ever been remarked that the settlers in a new country seem drawn together by a bond of brotherhood. This is peculiarly the case on a frontier, and Wyoming was then a frontier.

Mr. Montgomery united the most intrepid courage with perfect calmness and self-possession in the midst of danger; was possessed of strength of mind and correct judgment; was kind to all who stood in need of his kindness, and ever acted under a sense of his accountability to an Almighty Power for the fulfilment of whatever was his duty. Mrs. Montgomery, though an excellent and lovely woman, was but illy fitted for a pioneer of the wilderness. She was of a timid disposition, and was acutely and tremblingly alive to even the shadow of danger threatening those she loved. Hers was consequently a life of much anxiety, for in such a situation as that in which they were now placed, her family was exposed to many dangers unknown in her native land. Julia, the eldest, was but a child when they removed to the valley. She possessed a mind of uncommon promise, which was well cultivated by her parents. As she grew up her character developed itself as one in which firmness and decision were blended with strong and deep affections. These were mostly centred upon her family, and in it she was happy.

Some time in the year 1775 Arthur St. Clair came to Wyoming, and purchased a farm adjoining that of Mr. Montgomery. He was accompanied by a sister, who chose to leave her family and her beloved home, rather than that this, her dearest brother should go alone into a strange land, and have none to make his home cheerful and happy in health, and watch over him should sickness and sorrow be his lot. They were from the same town in Connecticut whence Mr. Montgomery came, and their father had been his early friend. These circumstances endeared them to him, and in his house they were as in another home. In Isabel St. Clair, Julia found a friend and companion, such as she had long desired. They had been playmates in their early childhood, and this drew them closer together now that their homes were placed in what had appeared to their childish imaginations as the extremity of the earth. They were both enthusiastic admirers of nature, and here was nature in grand and romantic beauty to meet that admiration. They delighted in climbing the mountains, that they might enjoy the beautiful prospects afforded from their summits, or in wandering along the banks of the Susquehanna, or in floating in the light canoe upon its bosom.

Time passed, and brought its changes to the inhabitants of Wyoming. St. Clair had, from his earliest residence in the valley, cherished a deep regard for Julia Montgomery, and admired in her all the excellencies of character, which he considered requisite to make his home happy. And he was happy when he learned that his regard was returned with all the strength of her noble character. The gentle and lovely Isabel had given her affections to one whom even her partial brother deemed worthy of her, and the day which brought Julia Montgomery to that brother's house a bride, was to remove Isabel to that of Henry Morrison.

But the dark cloud of war gathered over our land, and its shadow fell even upon this remote valley, obscuring all the sunlight of their happiness. Mr. Montgomery was one of the first in Wyoming to obey the call to arms in defence of his country. It was with reluctance that he parted from his family to abide the chances of war. Not that he feared peril for himself, but as it struck, through him, to the heartstrings of those whose affections centred so much in him. But his patriotism overcame every other sentiment, and, having commissioned his eldest son, Edward, to take charge of his farm in his absence, and made arrangements for the comfort of his family, he bade them farewell and departed to join those who were to accompany him to the army. And that day brought another parting, which wrung the heart of Julia Montgomery with anguish, for St. Clair, too, was of that gallant band. Yet if a word from her would have stayed his departure, she would not have spoken it, for hers was the spirit so common to the American women of that dark and stormy period, which could cheerfully bid the dearest ones go forth to the service of their country. And St. Clair felt keenly, while seeing his cherished visions of happiness fading away forever, or, at best, removed far into an uncertain hereafter.

There was not at that period, as there is at the present time, the daily, or frequent mail, by which communications from distant friends might be received, but all the medium through which to derive intelligence from the absent, was the chance traveller, or special messenger. Owing to these causes, it was but seldom that the Montgomerys heard from their father and St. Clair; and the anxious suspense which they suffered on account of these dear friends was often very great. They learned soon after their arrival at the head-quarters of the army, that Mr. Montgomery had received a Captain's and St. Clair a Lieutenant's commission, and they subsequently heard that wherever duty called them they were distinguished for their bravery and devotion to the cause of Liberty.

It was Julia Montgomery's task to wear the mask of cheerfulness and hope for her mother's sake, even when her own heart was filled with the most agonizing apprehensions for the absent. Nor was it into that mother's heart alone that she sought to infuse fortitude to bear the present trial and hope for the future. Isabel St. Clair became an inmate of their family before the departure of her brother, and she too needed a comforter. Henry Morrison had hesitated for a little time between his sense of duty to his country and the apprehensions of his affianced bride—but his sense of duty was triumphant, and it was not long after St. Clair left that he too joined the army. Isabel's sensitive mind was ever on the rack with anticipations of evil for those dear absent friends. Julia endeavored to rouse her to cheerfulness, and to hope for the brighter and happier days when the absent would be restored to them. Children, too, will catch the tone of elder ones around them, and Julia could not bear that her young brothers and sisters should know only a joyless and desponding childhood. She found a valuable auxiliary in her brother Edward, who strove to fulfil the duties devolving upon him in such a manner that the want of his father's care should not be felt in their domestic comfort. Though all Julia's other thoughts were known to her friend, yet her fears were as a sealed book to Isabel, and she sometimes for the moment thought that Julia could not feel intensely, because she did not fear. But the thought passed with the moment, for she well knew the strength of her feelings upon any subject engaging her affections.

Time passed thus, with little variation, except that they were once permitted to greet their absent ones, and enjoy their society for a short time.

The summer of 1778 drew on, and nought portended the dreadful storm that was about to burst over that lovely valley, sweeping so many of its inhabitants to destruction, and wrecking the happiness of those whose lives escaped its fury. The aspect of nature had never looked more lovely, and the harvests promised more than usual abundance. June and its flowers had nearly passed away, when an alarm was given of a threatening invasion of the valley. This excited much consternation. Preparations were made for defence, and messengers immediately despatched to the army, stating their danger, and soliciting a reinforcement, while the families were removed to the forts for safety. It was now the second of July. The enemy were gathering at Fort Winterwort, in the northern part of the valley, and numbered six hundred Indians under Brandt, a Mohawk chieftain, who united the crafty sagacity of the Indian warrior to a knowledge of British military tactics, and two hundred tories under Col. John Butler, while the settlers could not rally half that number.

There was a division of opinion as to the course to be pursued. One party contended that their safety depended on their marching immediately against their invaders, urging as reasons that their numbers were constantly augmenting, while they had no reason to expect any addition to their own, as there had been time for aid to arrive, if any was to be sent them from the army. That the harvests were ready for the reaper, and that if they were left to the destruction of the enemy all means of subsistence for their families during the coming winter would be cut off and they left to suffering. On the other side it was represented that they were greatly inferior to the enemy in numbers, who also had much the advantage of them in position, that should they hazard an engagement and be defeated it would be attended with fatal consequences to the settlement, and that prudence required them to wait the aid from the army, which in time would undoubtedly arrive.

It was just at this crisis that Mr. Montgomery arrived, accompanied by several other officers. They had heard of an intended attack upon Wyoming by an expedition from Niagara, and being unable to procure immediate aid, had abandoned their commissions, and left the camp before the arrival of the messengers, and hastened to assist in defending their families and friends. Mr. Montgomery found his family in the Forty Fort, which was nearest their home. Julia first perceived his approach and hastened to meet him. She had been endeavoring to wear the appearance of calmness, but the unexpected sight of her father overpowered her. As he clasped her to his heart her tears fell fast upon his bosom, and she exclaimed

"Oh, my father, I fear what awaits your return!"

He found his wife sinking under her apprehensions and his younger children sharing in their mother's terror; but Edward, although fully sensible of the peril in which they stood, was wearing the look of one determined to do all becoming a man, let the result to himself be ever so disastrous. And O! how different was the greeting of his neighbors, from what they had formerly given him by their happy firesides.

That evening a council was held to determine on what course to pursue. All that sleepless night Julia awaited her father. Her mother had at last sunk into a troubled slumber. The children slept, for childhood, even though troubled, knows not the anxious, agonizing care, which removes sleep far from the eyelids; and Isabel was within her room filled only with the dreadful thought of Morrison bleeding under the savage tomahawk. As her father entered from the council, Julia met him and looked anxiously into his face to read the result. His look was sad, and he said,

"My daughter, I am glad of this opportunity to speak to you alone, and I wish you to nerve yourself to hear with firmness. The counsels of the prudent have been overruled by numbers, and it is decided that we leave the fort at the dawn of day, under the command of Colonels Butler and Dennison, to march against the enemy, and though I deem it a rash enterprise, I must do my duty as a man and a soldier. If I should not return, and if Edward too should fall, all care of our family would devolve on you, for your poor mother, I much fear, would sink under the blow. If the enemy should be victorious, and you left, the only one of your father's house capable of action, you will know the existing circumstances surrounding you, and must be guided by your own judgment as to the best course to pursue for the safety of the dear ones committed to your charge. Our Isabel may also need your arm to sustain her, for she is but illy fitted to stand alone in sorrow. If all this evil should come upon you, and you, even for a moment, feel that you too must yield and sink under its weight, remember your father's last charge, and let it nerve you to bear up under all. The result of this day may be better than my fears, but if it should not, Oh! may He who is a Father to the fatherless, and the widow's stay, sustain you all."

And how did Julia bear this heart-rending communication from her idolized father, which named the possibility of events so dreadful? She did not fall senseless or give way to any extravagant emotion, but she hung on that loved father's neck, in an agony of tears, feeling that it would be more than she could bear to sustain life if thus bereft. But there was little time to indulge this luxury of grief. The morning would soon dawn, and her father and brother must be prepared to go forth to the battle.

It was an affecting farewell which that father took of his family, as he blessed them, and bade them put their trust in their heavenly father, and bear whatever was the issue of that day's contest with fortitude. Who shall describe a mother's feelings when she looks upon her first born son, just entering into manhood, arming to go forth to battle, and reflects that ere night closes, his noble form may be trampled low in the dust, and his bright hair steeped in blood? None but she who has placed her strong affections upon some worshipped brother, and looked upon him with a sister's pride, and then felt that the grave was about to claim and cover from her sight him she so much loved and gloried in, can realize what Julia felt as she watched her brother's receding form. And Henry Morrison had bid farewell to his betrothed bride, and had parted the sunny hair from her fair brow, and imprinted his last kiss upon it, and was gone. All—every man in the valley, capable of bearing arms, was gone forth to the battle, and many were the anxious hearts they had left behind. The day came on bright and beautiful, and contrasted painfully with the dark and cheerless spirits of those who were so anxiously awaiting the issue of that day's contest. Every peal of musketry which reached their ears seemed the sure death-knell of some loved friend. A circumstance of the most exquisitely painful nature occurred, which, while it called forth sympathy from every heart for the sufferings of another, brought also to all, the consciousness that the same dreadful bereavement might be their own.

A body was floated down the stream, and brought by the current into the eddy beneath the fort, which was recognized—marred though it was by the tomahawk and scalping knife—as that of one whom they had seen go forth that morning in all the strength of youthful manhood. Oh! the heart-breaking sorrow of that young wife, as with her infant in her arms she bent over the mangled form which she had so recently looked upon as the perfection of manly beauty!

Julia Montgomery was, with others, watching the approach of the few who were returning from the battle field. She saw at a glance that those dearest to her were not of the number. Her father's words on that morning had seemed to her as almost a sure presage that he would never return, and her own judgment told her the rashness and almost utter hopelessness of the enterprise; yet through all that fearful day she had suppressed her own feelings, and sought to sustain her mother and Isabel. The former was almost paralyzed with grief, and Isabel had not power to come forth with her to know the certainty of their fate. Col. Denison approached, and it seemed to Julia that the power of speech was lost to her. All that she could articulate, was, "My father,—Edward?" Col. Denison had known her from her childhood, and was her father's friend, and there was almost a father's tenderness in his manner as he told her the fate of those she so dearly loved. Her father, Edward, and Henry Morrison were all in the van, and had fallen in the commencement of the engagement.

She thought that she was prepared for the worst, yet when the certainty fell upon her, it seemed to her that the pulsation of her own heart had ceased forever. Yet she soon recovered to think of her father's charge, "should all this evil come upon them." Col. Denison went with her to her mother, and it was from his lips that she first learned that she was a widow, and her children that they were fatherless. Isabel fell senseless to the ground when she heard the fate of Henry Morrison, and it was a long time before she was restored to consciousness—a dreadful consciousness, to which insensibility was mercy. Julia could not console her mother for the dead, but she reminded her that she was still a mother, and begged her, if she loved her surviving children, that she would compose herself, and sustain life for their sakes. But that bereaved woman sorrowed as one for whom no ray of comfort could ever again dawn, and those sorrowing children clung to their sister as their last prop on earth. The most dreadful apprehensions for their own safety were blended in the hearts of all the inmates of the fort, with their sorrow for those who could return no more; for all had heard of the cruelty of the Indians to their captives, and captivity seemed inevitable. Indeed, they expected the enemy would come to take immediate possession of the fort, and they had no means to defend it.

Col. Denison endeavored to calm their minds, and as the only prudent course, in their circumstances, to pursue, he went to the enemy's camp with a flag of truce, and succeeded in making terms which secured the personal safety of all, and guaranteed to them that they should be permitted to remain in the country unmolested, on the condition that they should surrender the fort and the military stores. It is not probable that they would have obtained these conditions, had the enemy been aware of their weakness. The possession of the fort was not to be given up until the morning.

During the night, the few soldiers who had escaped the battle, and were in the fort, left it and went down the river, as their lives would not have been spared by the savages had they been recognized. There were casks of liquor in the fort, which belonged to the continental stores. Col. Denison had the precaution to have all these destroyed, aware that all terms would be disregarded by the savages, were they once maddened by intoxication. What must have been the feelings of that helpless band of women and children as they saw the approach of the dreadful foes who had made them widows and fatherless—who had severed their dearest earthly ties. The appearance of the savages was rendered still more terrific by their war paint. Col. John Butler was either unable or unwilling to protect the inmates of the fort, farther than their personal safety was concerned, and the work of plunder and destruction was commenced. Every article which savage cupidity desired must be given up without resistance, and what they did not desire for themselves, it afforded them pleasure to destroy. And now these wretched beings must submit to have the mark of Indians to their captives put upon them. This was necessary to their safety, and must be retained while the Indians were in the country, for all found without it, would have been murdered.

An Indian approached to set the mark of his paint upon the face of Julia Montgomery, who stood before her little group. Her stately form neither bent nor trembled with fear, and the savage quailed for a moment before the commanding expression of her dark eyes. Not so her trembling mother, whom she had sought to encourage by her own resolution. But all events seemed now alike to Isabel. Henry, her eldest surviving brother, stood by Julia's side, and strove to emulate his sister in his undismayed bearing. He was a boy of whom his sister might well have been proud, had there been a place left in her heart for pride.

None might go forth to seek their dead on the battle field to give them the rites of burial. This was a trial bitter to be borne. Had Julia Montgomery's own safety only been concerned, she would have dared all, to seek the remains of her father and brother, but on her life too much now depended to allow her to risk it. Her mother seemed sinking daily, and her loved Isabel was fading like a broken lily. For their sakes, as well as for the younger ones whose care now vested upon her, she repressed this strongest desire of her heart. They were permitted to remain a fortnight in the fort, during which time they had witnessed the destruction of their harvests, and their cattle, and had seen their homes in flames, when they were all commanded to leave the country immediately. They had no other alternative but to seek to make their way on foot to the Delaware, whence they hoped in some way to reach their friends in Connecticut. This was a weary journey, for feeble women and children to undertake on foot, and with no means of subsistence on the way, but such as they could gather from the summer fruits of the wilderness, and no resting place at night but the bare earth, and no shelter but the sky.

It was with aching hearts that this sad train went forth from the valley, where lay the unburied forms of their dearest friends, and where once had risen their happy homes, which were now in ashes. But the hand of a kind Providence sustained them on their way, and they arrived at the Delaware. Here they met a detachment of troops on the way to Wyoming. St. Clair was with them, and when she met him, Julia Montgomery felt that though sorely stricken, there was still hope for her on the earth. Even in the first bitter hour of agony in which she learned that her father, and brother, were no more, she felt what a consolation it was that St. Clair was yet spared—that he had been prevented from returning with her father. But dearly as she had loved her brother, not even his presence could bring the flush of joy to the cheek of Isabel St. Clair.

It was a melancholy satisfaction to these afflicted ones that on the arrival of the troops at Wyoming, the forms of their loved ones, whom they had left still in death, would have burial.—Julia hoped that St. Clair would be able to recognise those dearest to them on that field of blood, and lay them where, should they ever at any future period return to the valley, they might have the sad comfort of visiting their graves.

A brother of Mrs. Montgomery met them at the Delaware. He had heard of their affliction, and came to convey them to the place in Connecticut, whence they emigrated. It was with painful forebodings that St. Clair parted from them.—He knew that their kind relative would take all possible care of them on the way, and that the most cordial welcome awaited them on their arrival at the place of their destination, but he read in the failing form of their mother, a second bereavement to those orphans, and he feared too that his beloved sister was soon to be numbered with the departed. And Julia felt at this parting with St. Clair, more keenly than she had ever felt before the uncertainty of their ever again meeting.

Soon after their arrival at the place of their destination, Mrs. Montgomery was laid upon a sick bed. In the wanderings of delirium, she was constantly recurring to the afflictive events through which she had passed. Julia was ever at her side, and sought to soothe her as she had done, ere the fever in her veins had made her solace weaker. Oh! it is a thing hard to be borne to watch the bedside, of one dear to you as your own existence, and feel, and know, unwilling though you are to admit the conviction, that the cords that bind that loved one to life, are one after another parting asunder.

Ere her last hour came on, Mrs. Montgomery's reason returned, and her end was peace. Her children and friends felt that what was their loss was her gain, and that though they mourned her here, she had gone to a land where there is no more suffering and "where the weary are at rest."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Montgomery's brother, Mr. Weston, had long since laid his wife, and an only and much loved child in the grave, and he was glad to receive his neice, and her young charge into his long lonely house and treated them with a parent's kindness.

There are some spirits which can never rise again, when once borne down by the weight of sorrow. Isabel St. Clair was one of them. She was now in the bosom of her family—kind parents were watching over her—and her brothers and sisters were around her—but nought could waken in her heart one hope of earthly happiness. She faded away, and when the snows of winter came they fell upon her grave.

The sun of peace arose once more upon our land, and its charming beams brought gladness to the hearts of all. The army was disbanded, and those who had been so long separated from their families and friends, were restored to home, and all its endearments. None among all these gallant men found a more heartfelt welcome than St. Clair. Six years of toilsome service had taken from him the bloom of his early youth, but they had left the stamp of more commanding manhood upon his brow, and added dignity to his lofty form.

And Julia Montgomery was now happy. Not with the bright and buoyant happiness of her earliest youth, ere the blight of affliction had fallen upon her, but with a chastened happiness, in which present enjoyment was blended with the remembrance of past sorrow. She had suffered, as it does not often fall to the lot of woman to suffer, and had nerved herself to endurance while passing the fiery ordeal, for the sake of others, when had she stood alone, with none resting upon her for support, she must have fallen. She had nobly fulfilled her father's last charge, even when it seemed that human nature must sink under the effort. After their marriage, St. Clair and Julia, accompanied by her brothers and sisters, returned to Wyoming. Their Uncle Weston was so much attached to them, and so much dreaded again knowing a desolate home, that he too went with them. And they who had drank so deeply from the cup of affliction, were once more established on the spot hallowed by having been the residence of their parents.

Athens, Pa.

The American Monthlies.

From the Lady's Book for April.

Hawthornden.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE POET DRUMMOND, WHO FORMERLY RESIDED THERE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I woo'd thy spirit, sweetest bard,
Here, in thy native wild
The bright stream murmuring on beneath
The rock above me pil'd.

I stood beside the ancient oak,*
By thee so classic made,
And listen'd for thy tuneful voice
Within thy favorite glade.

They show'd the weapon of the Bruce—†
Why was such relic there?
A sword! amid the peaceful shades
That Nature made so fair!

Along thy labyrinthian caves
With wondering glance I trod,
And rested on thy garden seat
Amid the flower-strown sod.

Yet ah! our times are not like thine,
We tread a beaten track,
The sound of ringing gold we love,—
Come, with thy sweet lyre back!—

Yea, come, with all the soul of song,
Nurs'd in this hallow'd dell,
And teach us of the high delights
Thou here did'st learn so well.

Nor let us from these varied scenes
Of strong enchantment part,
'Till we have better learn'd to prize
The music of the heart.

* A large and venerable tree, under whose spreading branches the poet Drummond received a visit from Ben Jonson, whom he addressed with characteristic simplicity,
"Welcome—welcome—royal Ben."
While the laureate replied,
"Thank ye—thank ye—Hawthornden."

† The sword of Robert Bruce, which, among other relics, is exhibited at Hawthornden, the present seat of Sir Francis Drummond Walker.

From the Ladies Companion, for April.

The Waltz and the Wager.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"We are quite ready, papa," said Georgiana Melton, as she entered her father's library, with her sister Caroline. "Do let us go this very minute—I am so impatient!"

"I see you are, my love, and therefore you will be good enough to sit quietly down, 'till I have finished my paper."

Georgiana bit her beautiful lips, and threw herself on a sofa opposite a large mirror, while Caroline smilingly stooped to caress an Italian greyhound, which had sprung from the hearth when she entered.

While the three are thus occupied—Georgy with herself, Carry with her dog, and their fond father ever and anon feeding his paternal vanity, by a shy peep over the edges of his paper, we, my dear reader, will, with your permission, take the same liberty, with the sincere, but scarcely reasonable hope, that you may experience as much pleasure in the survey, as did Sir Richard Melton.

No wonder the frown gradually cleared away from the polished brow of Georgiana! No wonder her superb, hazel eyes are so proudly lighted up, as she gazes at the reflection, in the mirror, of her brilliant and aristocratic beauty. She cannot be more than nineteen years of age; yet there is perfect majesty in her mien, and in the noble contour of her form and feature, as she lies with her small head thrown haughtily back, her white throat curved, and her fair round arms folded gracefully before her. Her dress is of rich white satin, fitting closely to her beautiful bust, and reaching nearly to the throat, where it is terminated by a row of swan's down. The satin falls, which drape her dimpled elbow, are trimmed in the same chaste and simple manner; but look! as she moves, the sudden flash of diamonds from amid the rich softness of the down betrays, that simplicity alone cannot satisfy the regal taste of the wearer. She is evidently fond of those "stars of the darkling mine." They girdle her waist; they are wreathed on her snowy arm; they gleam like chain lightning amid the braids of dark brown hair, which is parted smoothly from her white veined temples, and plaited behind. Her head is exquisitely formed, her forehead is fair and broad, her eyes are eloquent with the beauty of a proud and generous soul. The bloom on her cheek is the richest hue of health and youth and hope, and the expression of her arched and glowing mouth is inimitably spirited, yet sweet as a new-born rose. Altogether, Georgiana Melton is about as radiant a creature as ever thought fit to illumine this sad, cold world of ours. And now for the fairy Caroline. Poor Carry! by the side of her brilliant and stately sister she is like the lily of the valley in the shade of a magnificent magnolia. Her form—what there is of it—is pretty and light; but her hands and feet are so small, that people wonder what they are good for. Nevertheless, she is very lovely, and very graceful, and though her timid beauty, overspread as it is, by the more striking charms of Georgiana, is seldom noticed, yet the extreme delicacy of her complexion—the profusion of her silken ringlets, that fall in a shower of light on her shoulders—her dimpled cheek, rosy mouth, and melting blue eyes, looking so bewitchingly bashful beneath those drooping lashes—all these, combined with an air of the most perfect child-like innocence and purity, may well render the little petted Carry, what a friend of mine emphatically called her, "a charm!" She, too, is dressed in white; but her dress is muslin, of the simplest fashion, and wholly unadorned. Carry is just sixteen, and just "coming out."

But see! they are preparing to go. Sir George is putting down his paper, Georgiana is wrapping a magnificent shawl around her queenly form, and Carry is tying her cloak. They pass through a line of liveried servants—they enter the carriage—they are gone to an evening party at Lady C——'s. Let us go too, dear reader. We have no invitation it is true—n'importe—Lady C—— is, by far, too luxuriously indolent to trouble her graceful head about us. She will only raise, in languid wonder, her large, soft, dreamy eyes, and be glad of an excuse to arch still more her already beautifully curved eyebrows. So then, here we are, and just in time to hear the announcement of Sir George and the Misses Melton, and to see the eager gaze of admiration which follows the first appearance, this season, of the beautiful heiress, Georgiana. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" whispered Sir George, as he led them forward. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" was echoed in a low, playful tone, on the other side, and, turning, Georgiana met the dark and earnest eyes of her betrothed lover, Vincent Lorraine. She had deemed him far distant, and could not wholly repress the smile and blush of delighted surprize, that stole to her cheek at the sound. But she averted her face to conceal them, for she was provoked at his presumption, as she haughtily deemed it, in daring thus to dictate to her. "He knows," she said to herself, "that I have never waltzed, even with him; indeed, he never presumed to ask it; but he shall learn that his commands are not to be my laws; and papa, too! what would induce them both to force me into an alternative so very disagreeable? not that I see any great harm in waltzing, except that a man's arm round one's waist must be a bore."

During these very reasonable cogitations of his docile daughter, Sir George led the ladies to a sofa, and left them in charge of Lorraine. "I could never," said the latter to Carry, as he took his seat beside them, wholly unconscious of the wayward mood into which Georgiana had wrought herself, "I am sure I could never respect a woman who would submit to the familiarity necessary in that voluptuous dance."

"Miss Melton," said the young and graceful Duke of B——, bowing low to Georgiana, "I hardly dare ask the honor of your hand for the next waltz." Georgiana smiled encouragingly. "Will you indeed be so gracious?" offering his arm. Georgiana rose and accepted it. The Duke looked surprised and vexed, while Caroline raised her eyes imploringly to her sister's face.

"*Georgy!*" she whispered, "*you will not waltz* after what papa and Vincent have said?"

"Papa and Mr. Lorraine do not know me?" and she cast a glance of playful, but slightly scornful defiance at her lover. She was rather startled, and very much provoked at the look he gave her in return. It haunted her through the waltz, and though she had never looked so brilliantly beautiful, and never danced with such bewitching grace, the smile on her lip was a falsehood, for her heart was ill at ease.

We must now explain the evident disappointment betrayed by the Duke of B——, when Georgiana accepted his proposal to waltz. On his way to the mansion of Lady C——, with a band of gay companions, he had rashly laid a wager of considerable amount, that only one unmarried woman in the room would refuse to waltz with him, and that to that woman, whoever she might be, he would propose before the end of the season. Georgiana Melton was in his mind's or rather in his heart's eye, when he made the bet. A passionate admirer of beauty in all its forms, he had borne her radiant image away from many a festive scene, and worshipped it in solitude and silence. He had heard, with a species of exultation, a few evenings previous, her dignified refusal to waltz with the most distinguished individual in the room and he had thought how well the ducal coronet would grace a brow so noble and so pure. Gay, profuse, and seemingly thoughtless as he was, he had nursed in secret a noble refinement of soul, which rendered him fastidious, even in trifles, and he could not forgive Miss Melton her evident eagerness to join in a dance he disapproved, although her favored partner was himself. He was vexed with her for failing to reach the standard of perfection he had raised in his own mind, and when the dance was done, he turned away with a sigh, that told of blighted hope.

Georgiana mistook that sigh for one of love: for she had often marked his earnest gaze of admiration, and, in spite of her long cherished affection for Lorraine, her young heart fluttered at the thought of the brilliant conquest she had made.

As the duke left her, her cousin approached. Her eyes fell beneath his, and her very temples flushed with the agitation of her heart. He seemed about to speak as he took her trembling hand; but suddenly letting it fall again, without a word, he hurried by and left the room. Georgiana smiled as her fancy pictured an interesting reconciliation, which she intended should take place in her boudoir, the next morning, at farthest.

CHAPTER II.

"I have lost my wager," whispered the young Duke to his friend, Lord N——, "and what is worse, I have lost the loveliest woman in England."

"Pardon me my friend," said Lord N——. "You have lost neither your bet nor your bride."

"How! Have I not waltzed with every unmarried woman in the room? (Thank heaven there are not many!) and is not Miss Melton the star of the season?"

"Do you see that delicate creature at her side?" replied his friend.

"Who can see any thing where *she* is, but herself? ha! but she is beautiful! who is she? do you know her? I hope she don't waltz. I dread to ask her, lest those sweet lips should simper 'yes.' I shall detest that word in future." And ere Lord N—— could reply, the Duke was requesting from Georgiana an introduction to her sister.

Caroline's eyelids drooped, and a soft blush warmed her delicate cheek, when he hesitatingly requested her to join the waltzers. He almost trembled for her answer. It was simply, "No, your grace!" and the young nobleman thought he had never heard a voice so thrillingly sweet before. "Will you not indeed?" he involuntarily exclaimed,—"I am so happy to hear it." Caroline opened her blue eyes wide with wonder, and Georgiana grew stately; but they soon forgot the seeming rudeness of the remark, in the delight which his eloquent conversation inspired, and the generous heart of our heroine exulted at the impression which her "fairy pet," (as she fondly called her sister,) had evidently made.

"I am sure you have bewitched him, sweet!" said Miss Melton to Caroline, the next day, while talking over the ball, "and what a charming little Duchess you will be!" she continued, fondly twining her jewelled fingers in the ringlets of her sister, as the latter closed her tell-tale eye on her shoulder. "But haste! that was Vincent's knock—I am sure it was!" and she stooped and kissed Carry's fair brow, to conceal the emotion which glowed in her eloquent face.

"What an enchanting picture!" exclaimed the Duke of G——, as he entered the room at the moment.

Georgiana started in disappointment, and Caroline in blushing delight, at the voice. And where was Vincent Lorraine?

The servant answered her heart's unuttered question, by handing her a letter, with which, making a scarcely audible excuse, she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER III.

One bright afternoon in September, about four years subsequent to the date of the incidents related in the preceding chapter, a luxurious boudoir in Belgrave Square, was occupied by two ladies, both young, and one almost child-like in her appearance. The form of the latter was of fairy-like proportions, with the roundness and grace of a Hebe. She might have personated that goddess in face as well as figure; for her deep blue eyes were full of joy and love; her mouth had the fresh and dewy red of a ripe, but unplucked cherry—her cheek was bright with tender bloom, and countless curls of a rich, golden hue, clustered softly round its dimpled beauty, and enhanced the bewitching sweetness of its expression. Young as she was, she was evidently a mother, for a lovely, sportive infant lay in her arms, and a miniature of herself, a tiny girl, between two and three years of age, stood at the knee of the other lady, turning over the gilded leaves of an annual.

It will be difficult to describe the singular beauty of the face, which was bent towards the child; the large hazel eyes were filled with a wild and passionate melancholy. The cheek was perfectly colorless, yet so transparent, that any unusual emotion would instantly reveal itself there, illumining that spiritual paleness with a brilliant glow, momentary indeed, but exquisitely delicate. The hair was glossy, and intensely black, lying in rich masses on either side of the face, and braided loosely behind. The eyelashes were long, of the same jettish hue, contrasting strangely with the tintless purity of her complexion. The grace and majesty of her form were finely developed by her rich but simple dress. It was a black velvet, sweeping in ample folds below her feet, and wholly without ornament, excepting a frill of black lace at the throat. She was seated in a deep crimson chair, over the arms of which, hung a superb Indian shawl, bright with the gorgeous colors of the eastern loom.

"Oh! isn't that a pretty picture, aunt?" exclaimed the little prattler at her knee, and the lady stooped still lower, until her pale cheek touched the round and rosy one of the child.

The door opened, and two young men entered the room, one of them saying, as he did so, "I have brought you an old friend, Caroline, whom I am sure you will be happy to see, and you also, Georgiana."

While the youthful Duchess sprang eagerly forward to welcome the stranger, the dark-haired lady languidly raised her eyes; but they fell again instantly, and the color mounted to her brow, when she met the earnest and admiring gaze of the Duke's companion.

"Miss Melton," said the deep and musical voice of Vincent Lorraine, while his lip quivered with emotion, "this is indeed a happiness I did not dare to hope; but after a four years' absence from all I love best upon earth, you will not surely refuse to welcome me home again."

Georgiana threw back her stately head; but she could not repress the glowing smile of joy, which lighted up her beautiful face, as she replied, "My welcome can be of but little importance to Mr. Lorraine; but it is freely given, nevertheless." And she frankly held out her hand.

"I wish you success, most heartily, my dear fellow!" said the Duke, as he and Lorraine were riding through Hyde Park a few days afterwards, "but I must candidly tell you that you have but little chance with 'the statue,' as she is called, by all her male acquaintance. She has refused all who ever overcame their awe of her, sufficiently to propose, and seems determined to keep herself to herself, with all her beauty of mind and person. To tell you the truth, I was quite astonished at her condescending to shake hands with you the other day. It is a liberty which no one else would presume to take with her. In truth, she has odd ideas about some things, which I cannot account for. In my opinion, she is over-fastidious, if a woman can be so. No, no, though she is the light of our household, she will never grace another, I fear; I should say, I *hope*, for what would Carry and the children—what should *I do* without her? With the exception of my own little wife, she is the purest minded, and most disinterested woman I ever knew."

The reader may account, although the Duke could not, for the smile which grew brighter and brighter on the countenance of Lorraine during the foregoing speech, and for the exulting tone in which, at its close, he exclaimed, "She is mine if there be truth in woman!"

"What can you mean, and where are you going, Lorraine?"

But the youth was out of sight ere the sentence was finished, and the wondering Duke pursued his way alone.

"Will you never, never forbid me to waltz again?" asked Georgiana, playfully, as her restored lover implored her consent to their immediate union.

"Never, never, my precious!"

"And will you never run away again for four long years at a time, truant?"

"Death only shall part us, my own!"

"And I may waltz when I choose?"

"Yes, love!"

"And with whom I choose?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"There, then!" (and she gave him her hand,) "this day twelvemonth, it is yours for ever."

Poor Lorraine pleaded, but in vain, for an earlier day.

"No! dear Vincent," said Georgiana, seriously, "if you are going to repent a second time, I choose it should be before our marriage; it would be rather inconvenient afterwards."

"What has animated our statue?" asked her sister, entering at the moment. "I have not seen such a smile, nor such a blush on her face these four years."

The Wife.

BY MRS. ANNE T. DUNNING.

She flung her white arms around him—
Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to.

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's scorn,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear:
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brook'd,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst look'd
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not be "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone!"

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

Burning The Will.

A Tale of Real Life.

I.

It was dusk, as Algernon Sloper opened the door of a sumptuous apartment, in which was a nurse, now murmuring a prayer, and now falling back half asleep, in her arm chair; and the bed was so arranged, that any one entering the room could perceive the livid face of the old man who, a few hours before, had breathed his last. The noise made by Algernon awoke the nurse from her slumbers. She shook her head.

"Good morning, sir; you come to look once more at your poor uncle? See! one would think he slept; a smile is on his countenance. Alas! those eyes are closed for evermore!"

"Yes, Margaret," answered Algernon; "but you had better go and rest yourself. I will watch over the corpse."

"But, sir!——"

"Go to the dining-room, nurse; your breakfast is ready—go."

And under this benevolent clause he gently pushed her out of the room, and sat down on the chair she had occupied; after which, casting a last glance at his dead uncle, he opened the bed-curtains, and got up.

"He is dead at last! I shall be rich now!"

No sooner had he pronounced these words than he withdrew a bunch of keys from under the pillow; ran to the desk in which the will was contained; opened it; and began reading,—

"I constitute my nephew, Algernon Sloper, sole executor!"

"It was time!" exclaimed the heir. "I am entitled to what the law and society acknowledged my right."

And Algernon, who, for more than two years, had feared that his uncle would forget him, continued thus:—

"I will &c. to Margaret and Joseph the sum of £3000 each, for the care bestowed on me by them during thirty years."

"Two thousand pounds each to these people, who are rich enough with what they have stolen! What folly? Come, this is but an old man's madness. However, I will pay the £4000 as it is impossible to do otherwise."

"I bequeath to Pierrot, my valet, the sum of £500."

"What! to that Pierrot, who should have been expelled long before now—*Que le Diable l'emporte!*"

"To Mr. Martin, my notary, £2500. I wish this sum to be added to the fortune of Mariana, his daughter, and my god-daughter."

"Two thousand five hundred pounds to that fellow Martin! an old notary, retired from business, who has got a handsome house at Kensington! What can be the meaning of this? It is a loss at cards, perhaps, to Martin, which my uncle has been ashamed to name. Oh, uncle! the story was true. This I will certainly not pay. I will see Martin, and make him understand the disgrace that would infallibly befal him were he to accept such a legacy; and if he persist, we will go to law. More still!" exclaimed the heir, turning the leaf over.

"I bequeath £5000 to Miss Chesterfield, daughter of a brave officer, killed on the field of battle, whom I do not wish to know want."

"To her! Why the cross-grained flirt has rejected me! She shall not touch a penny of it. Ah! here's another *protegee*."

"There is now living in London a young barrister, whom my nephew Algernon knows perfectly well. He is poor, but virtuous and talented. I bequeath to the said Edward Ingestrie the sum of £5000."

"Five thousand pounds!" exclaimed Algernon, throwing the will on the floor. "Five thousand pounds to Ingestrie, my rival—my successful rival—in the affections of Isabel Chesterfield. Never!"

Algernon got up, approached the window, opened it, notwithstanding the cold, and over-looked a landscape of beautiful meadows, on which innumerable flocks were resting. The Thames rolled his waters through the estate; and, further on, were forests, forming part of the succession he was entitled to.

"All this is mine now; the wool of these flocks, these forests; the produce of these fields; all belong to me by right. I am the heir, and almost the only relation, to the late possessor. Shall I defraud myself by paying frivolous legacies?—Suppose now," said he, after he had shut the window, and resumed his seat near the fire; "suppose my uncle had not made any will at all, to whom would all these riches come? To me only; to me they lawfully belong; and all abstracted therefrom is a theft at my expense!"

And the evil spirits of avarice, cupidity, and selfishness, took possession of this ungrateful nephew. He forgot that he never had been loving and dutiful to his uncle, but the reverse. His graceless conduct had indeed frequently irritated his rich relative. Interested views alone had caused him to approach for two years past; and now, without any moral consideration whatever—just listening to ascertain whether there was

...he threw the will into the

II.

...ing barrister, who, by the influence not ...described, is left in a state closely allied to ...destitution. Edward Ingoldsby was desirous of ...an apartment on the same floor, but was positively ...ly removed from the locality of Sentiment Square. ...Tonic, in the space of fourteen years, had become ...by the inquiries of his friends, and the attentions ...he paid to and the flattering notes and cards of ...the last note from his beloved—but you know the ...well." Ingoldsby, he ejaculated, "my soul is dead, ...for the remainder of my days, I shall never ...write to that effect. The sweet dream of years ...is annihilated! All is over; a blank—a cheerless ...darkness! This night will I quit England for ...ever!"

III.

To return to the chamber of death.

There was a lonely Algerian hastily scribbling on the desk, replaced the keys under the widow's pillow, and opened the door. It was Mr. Martin, who came to look once more at his old friend, and give some directions to the heir.

"I am very sorry to see you here above, Mr. Algernon; but to be sure you are one of the parties most interested."

"One of the parties!" said Algernon, eagerly.

"Yes! One of the parties," answered the notary, with a piercing look. "You will find it still."

"Quite possible," answered Algernon.

"The certain, for Mr. Sleeper told me so last night, a few hours before his death."

"Then it will be found," added the heir.

"It is in that desk," said the notary, pointing, "and your duty, Mr. Algernon, is to enforce its being looked for directly. All the servants must be present."

"But what you think proper," rejoined the nephew.

The people in the house were called; the keys were withdrawn from under the pillow; the desk was opened; and the search began, which, however, still whatever. The old notary, ordering everybody out, remained close with Algernon.

"It is impossible," said the heir, "that there should be no will, for your uncle engaged before me to make one, and he assured me, yesterday, that he had kept his word."

"Do you suspect my honour, sir?"

"It is very strange that you should have left—found here alone; but I do not suspect anybody's honour," said the notary; "nevertheless, listen to me. Your youth has been disregarded by your uncle deemed it vicious. Many a time you have deserved the wrath of an old man, though you expected a fortune, your conduct was such, two years ago, that you were expelled his house. He would have disinherited you, but I reconstrated that you were the only son of a brother whom he loved, and of a sister-in-law to whom he had promised to think of your future prospects. I was but too happy to restore you to his esteem. Since that time, you have behaved better, or, at least you have appeared to do. God knows whether your conversion has been sincere. Your uncle doubted it much."

"Was my uncle so unjust?" exclaimed Algernon, generous."

"I have had the greatest trouble to institute you his heir."

"The old fox has not forgotten himself," thought Algernon.

The notary continued. "Another person was also unduly influential in promoting your favor with your uncle—your friend, Edward Ingoldsby."

"Umph!" observed the heir, surlily, "I thank him for!"

"Now let us suppose that this testament is not found, what will you do?"

"What shall I do?" answered the young man; "I will enjoy my uncle's fortune."

"Of course; but you cannot think that your uncle would forget such gross injustice as that for whom he always said that he would provide."

"If he had wished that," said Algernon, "he would have made the necessary provisions."

"I must now tell you a secret, which, most likely, is news to you. Your uncle has a child!"

"Come, sir," rejoined Algernon, jokingly, you calculate on my uncle, your dear friend's child!"

"I am in earnest, sir," replied Mr. Martin, angrily. "By a private and short-lasted marriage he became the father of Edward Ingoldsby, as he has been named; he is an excellent young man, though, by his mother's fault, banished the paternal roof and all of him. It was his duty to fulfil at least this portion of your uncle's intentions."

"Let that alone: my uncle would never have committed himself so far; I have no motive vexation for his secrecy to believe it."

"It is a fact; and I repeat to you that many a time he has thought of instituting this son his absolute heir."

"Nonsense! I will hear no more, sir!"

The notary insisted on the will being produced.

"The will!" said he, "the will! where is the will? Perhaps, you were expecting a legacy."

The notary coolly replied, "No; you are well aware that I am satisfied with what I have, and do not covet more; but for the sake of your uncle's old servants, of Edward, conduct yourself honorably; separate some fragments of your rich legacy. Be, my friend, not ingrate a humbly recalling the death-bed—don't you make me repeat of what I promised your uncle. His intention was to leave to others a fortune which he had the liberty to dispose of as he liked; I have calmed him: I have restored you to the favor you had lost; now, if you will be more kind, for others what they would have done for you, or else I shall be obliged to exact justice.

Affecting to obey the notary, Algernon opened all the drawers of the desk, in which Mr. Martin suggested that the will ought to be found.

"You see, sir," said Algernon, "you must maintain the meaning of my uncle's words; or he could not have been conscious at the time."

"You are then certain, sir, that there is no will?"

"So it seems; and you must have seen of the same opinion."

"We shall see," said Mr. Martin, opening the door to all the persons in the adjoining room. "Two years ago, Mr. Sleeper made a will, which he deposited in my hands; therein he disinherited his nephew, and acknowledged a young man of the name of Edward Ingoldsby as his heir; him directions to enforce the execution of this will, unless one of a later date be found."

By a mere accident the notary opened the window through which Algernon had just relaxed his desk, and Mr. Martin perceived, on the ground, a bit of paper, half burnt, on which he distinguished Mr. Sleeper's handwriting.

"Ah!" remarked the good notary, "the plain enough. Let some one instantly post to town, and apprise Edward Ingoldsby of his good fortune. Are you going, Algernon, and depart of the sort? you are an honest fellow, and to you I will confide, also another charge. Here in my card; call at once, and present it: and bring with you, at the same time, a young lady named Isabel Chesterfield. *Edward, if I conjecture aright,* would have no objection in the world to compassion ex *I journey thus this.*"

At Algernon and his Bet.—Well, now, Fat so you've come back at last. How long does it take you to go to a message?" "That depends how long you manage to and how long the way to go is." "Just so: and how lazy the person is who goes the message; and you've just as lazy as a schoolmaster, for you won't move till you're shoved."

How True!—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success quickly a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, and fortitude of the voyager."

Saturday Evening Post.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

RENOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post will be found for the future in Sansom street, West Chestnut, on the north side of the street. The situation is a most desirable one, in front of the old stand. We shall be happy to see our friends, subscribers, and the public generally, at our new location.

Our Original Tales.

On our first page, to-day, will be found an excellent original "Scene or Woman." We shall present our readers directly with a thrilling tale, founded on an unadvised tradition of our country. It is still our intention to do the fact that we are the only newspaper in the United States, which furnishes to its subscribers an elaborate series of original tales. This is an important feature in the Saturday Evening Post, which ought not to be overlooked. Many, our esteemed friends are subscribers from the best American and Foreign Magazines, all which are received at this office. In short, we are determined to be, what our patrons have a right to be, the first family journal in the United States.

EF E. M. Griffing, of Little Falls, New York, will do us a favor by remitting us the amount of subscriptions he may have collected and appropriated to his own use.

EF Our friends are cautioned against paying said Griffing any monies intended for us in future.

Death of the President.

Announcement by the Cabinet of President Harrison's Death—Manifestation of Grief and Respect during and throughout the Union.—Card of the Physicians.—Constitutional Provisions by his Successor.—Appointment to the Vice Presidency.—Arrangements for the Funeral.—Proclamation of the Vice President.—Eulogy upon the Character of William Henry Harrison.

The melancholy intelligence that the President of the United States had died at Washington, on the morning of Sunday last April 4th, was received at our city the same afternoon. The following is the announcement of his Cabinet:

CITY OF WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

An all-wise and inscrutable Providence has taken from this life, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, and has devolved the duty, in the course of Congress, and in the absence of the Vice President of them the head of Government, upon this afflicting bereavement known to the country and the civilized world.

He died at the President's House, in this city, the fourth day of April, about Dinner, 1841, at thirty minutes before one o'clock in the morning.

The People of the United States, through the medium of the constitution, by an event so unexpected and so mournful, will deeply realize the loss from knowledge of death was calm and resigned, as his life has been pure, exalted, and distinguished; and that the last utterance of his lips expressed a fervent desire for the prosperity of the form and the perpetuity of the union of its true principles. In death, as in life, the hopes of his country were uppermost in his thoughts.

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING, Secretary of the Treasury.
JOHN BELL, Secretary of War.
J. J. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General.

The unexpected event has filled the nation with grief. All private and public business is suspended. The newspapers, as well as the benevolent institutions of both the administration and opposition, have put on the badge of mourning. A funeral service was appointed to be held,—the national state and municipal courts adjourned,—and the bar of the city of Washington, and the insurance companies appointed with crape around their standards—and other manifestations of grief and respect were made by our citizens.

The President had been sick little over a week. His disease was pleurisy, complicated with disordered liver and stomach, and from the first almost baffled the skill of physicians. A distressing cough which set in on Saturday resisted every remedy, and carried him off on his sixty-eighth year. Chapman and Physick, the first physicians of the country, were called after melancholy unavailingly. Just one month had elapsed since Gen. Harrison entered the Presidential mansion.

The following is the card issued by the attending and consulting Physicians last night, announcing the death of the President:

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with the request made to us by yourself and the other gentlemen of the Cabinet, the attending and consulting Physicians have the honor to inform you that the President is no more, which I herewith transmit to you. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MILLER,
Attending Physician.

To the Hon. D. Webster,
Secretary of State.

On Saturday, March 27, 1841, President Harrison, after several days' previous indisposition, was seized with a chill and other symptoms of fever. The next day Pneumonia, with congestion of the liver and derangement of the stomach and bowels, was ascertained to exist. The age and debility of the patient, with the accumulated pressure of the disease, forbade a favorable issue. Topical depletion, blistering, and appropriate remedies were employed, but without effect. On the decease of the lungs and liver, but the stomach and bowels resisted all remedies. Finally, on the 3d of April, at 2 o'clock P. M. the powers of life yielded to the power which he said, a little minutes to 1 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th.

The last words uttered by the President, so learn by Dr. Miller, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

THOMAS MILLER, M. D.
Attending Physician.

FRED MAY, M. D.
T. W. WASHINGTON, M. D.
J. C. HALL, M. D.
Consulting Physicians.
WM. A. MACFARLAND, M. D.
Consulting Physician.

It is needless to enquire whether this afflicting event was hastened, if not wholly caused, by the unnecessary fatigue to which President Harrison was subjected on the occasion of his inauguration. The exercises of that day were exceedingly fatiguing for a man of his age, and the crowds who since then have been constantly pressing upon him irresistible enemy of them, on the contrary of the President, were enough to wear out even a healthy young man. The inclemency of the weather, no doubt, had no little influence in bringing on the attack.

General Harrison was the first President of the United States who died in the incumbency of the executive chair. Of his predecessors, J. Q. Adams, Gen. Jackson and Martin Van Buren, survive,—Gen. Washington, and Presidents Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, died after they had left the Presidency.

From the Constitution of the United States we extract the following provisions to show what provisions are made for the succession to above sad event:

ARTICLE 2. In the case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President of the United States; and the Congress may by law provide for the removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President; and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

It will thus be seen that the Hon. JOHN TYLER, Vice President, will act as President until the expiration of the term for which Gen. Harrison was elected. This, we understand, is the third time that Mr. Tyler has succeeded to an elevated office, by the death of a superior—twice by those Harrison Governor, and now becomes President.

Immediately after the decease of the President, Mr. Webster, Jr. Chief Clerk in the Department of State, accompanied by Mr. Seall, an officer of the Senate, set out for the residence of the Vice President, in Virginia, bearing to him the following letter:

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

TO JOHN TYLER,

Vice President of the United States.

SIR:—It has become our most painful duty to inform you that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, has departed this life.

The decease took place this day, at the President's Mansion in this city, at thirty minutes before one in the morning.

We have the honor to be, in discharging the Chief Clerk in the Department of State, and in compliance with the request of the deceased President,

Your obedient servants,

DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING, Secretary of the Treasury.
J. J. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER, Postmaster General.

On Monday the body lay in state, and was visited by hundreds of citizens. A writer on the Globe of that day says: "The sight was one which we hope we may never witness again. The last time when they had so recently filled to power! Among the number, I found my way into the mansion of death. The East Room, which was half of entrance, very near the front door. Black crape was festooned over the glass partition which separates the apartment from the hall, and through which hung over the coffin, was dressed with a similar emblem of death. The coffin, covered with black velvet, and was closed, but the part of the lid which fell over the face was glazed, so as to present a perfect view of the countenance of the venerable deceased. I was not struck with any remarkable change in the face, but I was struck with the whole of the face seemed mentally emaciated, as if he had been suffering from a long illness. The mouth was partly open, and there was a placid expression in his features which seemed of itself to assure us, that he had died in peace. 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' As fast as the room, which would contain about a hundred, was filled by the visitors, the door was closed, and then re-opened to permit the egress of those who had gratified themselves with a farewell glance, and let in other visitors.—Over the entrance door hung the drapery of all dark and the sorrow was universal. Sighs and tears attested the sincerity of the public feeling. It has been many years since we have seen so much feeling, and it is one which is inevidably impressed on the memory of every citizen of Washington.

Mr. Granger, Mr. Ewing, and Mr. Crittenden, standing about the room and the portion. Mr. Webster, I presume, was in the interior of the house. The Judges of the Supreme Court were also in attendance during the forenoon. The flags over the capitol floated at half mast.

The army and navy departments have each recommended that proper funeral honors be paid. The latter gives directions to each of the navy yards and stations. The former has taken place, to-day, at ten o'clock, M., on the day after the receipt of this circular, and by evening their flags shall mast for one week."

A vast concourse, in accordance with the arrangements, attended the funeral remains of the late President to their last home.

About twelve o'clock, M., the procession moved, the artillery firing minute guns: while the bells of the various churches in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, tolled. The following is the order in which the vast concourse moved:

MILITARY ESCORT.

Major General Walter Jones, Commanding the Militia
Aide-de-Camp.
Division of United States Light Artillery.
Squadron of Volunteer Cavalry
Battalion of Volunteer Infantry
Field Officers of the Army.
Officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps on foot.
Officers of the Militia and Volunteer corps of the District of Columbia—on foot.
Officers of the Militia and Volunteer corps of Baltimore, &c.

CITY AUTHORITIES.

United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and Marshals of the Supreme Court.
The Mayor and Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria Corporations.
The Physicians to the President.

Pall Bearers.	Pall Bearers.	Pall Bearers.
	Pall Bearers.	

The Family and Relations of the late PRESIDENT and The Heads of Departments, with their Chief Clerks.
The Vice President of the United States.
The Ex Presidents.
The Chief Justice, and
Associate Judges of the Supreme Court and District of Columbia.
The Foreign Ministers and Suite.
Senators and Officers of the Senate.
Foreign Ministers and Suites.
United States and Naval Officers not belonging to the adjutant General of Classes under the Convention with Mexico.
Strangers of Distinction.
Citizens.
Governors of States and Territories and Members of State Legislatures.
Judges of the United Court of the District of Columbia, with the Register, and the Clerk of the Court.
Judges of the several States.
The Corporation of the City of Washington.
Treasurer, Register, and Solicitor.
Officers of Government.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.
Clergy of the City of Washington.
Corporate Authorities of Washington.
Corporate Authorities of Georgetown.
Corporate Authorities of Alexandria.
Strangers of Distinction.
Citizens and Strangers.

The wife of the President, being still at North Bend, was prevented from paying the last attentions to her husband. The intelligence of his death will be a severe blow to her. Her daughter-in-law Mrs. Harrison, her daughter Mrs. Taylor, and the other members of his family are with her at North Bend.

The body of Gen. Harrison is to remain but a short time in the Congressional Cemetery, at Washington, when it will be removed to the ancient family sepulchre in Virginia. That State will thus hold the values of five of our Presidents.

The Vice President arrived in Washington early on Tuesday morning.

At 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 6th inst. Mr. Tyler was sworn upon, says the National Intelligencer, by all the Heads of Departments, except the Secretary of the Navy, who has not yet returned from the South. Mr. Tyler signified his desire to defer the Inaugural Address, until with great concern of the present state of things expressed his sensibility of the heavy responsibilities of the station to which he was called. Known his wishes that the several Heads of Departments would continue to fill the places they now occupy, and that they would afford him all practicable aid in the administration of the Government.

The President then took and subscribed the following oath of office:

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

JOHN TYLER.

April 5, 1841.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
City of Washington, April 6, 1841.

I, WILLIAM CRANCH, Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that JOHN TYLER, Vice President of the United States, has this day taken and subscribed before me the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office. And I do further certify that the said oath was administered to him at the City of Washington, in the District aforesaid, on the 6th day of April, A. D. 1841, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-fifth.

WM. CRANCH.

At the earliest possible moment after the decease of the President, the Vice President issued the following proclamation:

By the President of the United States.

A PROCLAMATION.

It has pleased Almighty God to take from this life WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, and to place the helm of state in the hands of the Vice President.

In this melancholy event, the Vice President has thought proper to assemble the members of the Cabinet, to the end that the principal officers of the executive departments may be encouraged to continue in the discharge of their duties, and that the Government may not suffer detriment from the want of an efficient head.

The Vice President, in consequence of the above melancholy event, has thought proper to call, and does hereby call, the Congress of the United States to assemble at the City of Washington, on Monday, the 31st day of May next, at 12 o'clock, M., of which all persons who shall then be entitled to act as members of that body are hereby required to take notice.

Given at the City of Washington, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1841.

JOHN TYLER.

By the President:
DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State.

The following is the order of the procession which attended the remains of the President to the tomb:

Marshal of the District of Columbia and his Aides.
Marshals of the Supreme Court.
Marshal of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.
Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia.
Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia.
Marshal of the United States for

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis...

United States Bank.

On Thursday Thomas Dunlap, Esq. resigned the office of President of the Bank of the United States, and James Martin, of the firm of Thomas & Martin, was elected President, but declined the appointment. Col. Drayton was then chosen and will serve.

Several Directors also resigned.

Arrival of the Acadia.

Nine Days Later from England.

Deeply Interesting News from England—Great Excitement respecting a War with America—Continued Panic in the Markets—Great Fall in Consols—Stagnation of Trade—Renewed Difficulties in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria—The War Panic in France—Opinions of the French and English Press on the Probability of War with America—Warlike Preparations in England—Attempt on the Life of the Queen Dowager of Spain—The Boy Jones again in Buckingham Palace—Great Fire at the Vauxhall Station—General European News—State of the different Markets, &c. &c.

☞ Our thanks are due to *Harnden's Express*, for valuable foreign papers and the late news brought by the Acadia.

The Acadia sailed from Liverpool on the 19th ult., and arrived at her moorings in Boston Harbor on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, making her passage...

City News.

General News.

Financial Record.

Political Intelligence.

ALMANAC.

April, 1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water	Moon's Phases.
10 Saturday,	5 35	6 27	5 35	
11 Sunday,	5 32	6 28	6 25	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	5 30	6 30	7 16	
13 Tuesday,	5 29	6 31	8 6	
14 Wednesday,	5 28	6 32	8 54	Full 5 8 27
15 Thursday,	5 27	6 33	9 40	Last 13 5 3
16 Friday,	5 25	6 35	10 23	New 21 9 31
17 Saturday,	5 24	6 36	11 3	First 28 3 30

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 9 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 8½ A. M & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.

Married,

On the 29th August, 1840, by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Mr. William P. Barrett, Printer, to Miss Margaret Gilham, both of this city.

On Wednesday, March 31st, by the Rev. Mr. Gerry, Mr. Joseph B. Fithian, of Steuben county, New York, to Miss Ellen Corgan, of this city.

Died,

THE CLIO.

Contempt is the opium of folly. That gives it all its flavor.

New Moods.

Of all our troubled hopes and fears,
The very worst I borrow or,
In the inevitable way
Of a new mood shortly goes on.

You goes and tries it on, you does,
It needs a pair of 'em, it does,
And lets you 'ardly suspect at least,
Indeed it hopes a lot

You rode it once, I trust it hopes,
Your first mood all on 'em;
You wants to lay down in the mud,
You chooses 'ow to revise.

The mood so you is one mere bust,
This bought but puts another in—
It 'asn't always to do it with,
You wonders where they hide it.

Some orders itself our business,
And more than half our crimes,
For right the doors the very best
Of tempers, at such times.

GOOD-NATURE.—A gentleman was, the other day, looking attentively at some amusing caricatures, in the window of a print shop, when, on a sudden, he felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one person standing near him, he instantly turned round upon him, and looking him full in the face, said, "Your hand, sir, you've picked my pocket." "What if *sir!*" the other very calmly replied; "I really beg your pardon, if it was; but the trembler is so very cold, one is glad to put one's hand somewhere."

ECONOMY.—My dear, you use much better sense in your house affairs; and have much more tact in life, in her husband; they will not make better for less than 25 cents a pound now-a-days."

"I do not know what they make it for," answered he, "but I buy it to eat upon my bread."

INTERFERENCE.—A modern writer, speaking of the distillation of grain, says: "Man has acquired the art of infinite transmutation, he turns good into evil; the good gifts of Providence are converted into a deleterious fluid, the fluid is poured upon a virtuous soil, and there springs up a harvest of misery and agony and crime."

REWARDED BRAVERY.—It would often be better not to attempt to rescind a brave action than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two arms carried off at his wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a shilling. "It was not my glove but my hands that I lost, Colonel," said the poor soldier reproachfully.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—A philanthropist, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated "that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life in an American prison, *only fifteen* survived it."

It must have been very severe upon their constitutions.

A FAIR EXPECTATION.—I am instructed to inform you that Mr. Brown expects the money to-morrow?" said a messenger from an impatient creditor to a dilatory debtor.

"Well, *if* he don't get it, tell him to *keep on expecting!*" was the cool reply.

A SENSIBLE TRUTH.—It is impossible for an additional blade of corn to spring from the earth, for a new product to be created by industry, or a new fact to be discovered by philosophy, without a consequent benefit resulting through the whole chain of civilized connection.

GOOD ADVICE.—Consider no man capable of coaching you who is more enough to attempt it. In this you have the decided advantage of the world. In the latter, he acknowledged you worthy of his notice, you, by your neglect, prove him unworthy of yours.

RETAL.—"Almost, not quite," as the Queen said when she pulled Albert out of the horse pond.

"The pint is not netted," replied he, as he returned the water he had just swallowed.

IN DEBASED.—In Mr. S——, as he" said a boy, entering a store in this city, a few days ago, with a note. "I am the article," replied the gentleman addressed. "Then you are in demand," was the quick reply of the boy.

DRINK DEEP AT.—If you are a milkman never water your milk slightly. "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring. "If your customers are willing to pay for water, it is cruel and unjust to to steal them in the quantity.

BUSHES.—And beautiful is the dying of the great sun; when the last song of the birds fades into the lapse of silence; when the islands of the Greeks are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day."

EXCELLENT.—Whom, bold as a minute, Ned," hollowed a wag to a friend who was riding by in great haste on horseback. "Well, what do you want—I'm in a hurry?" "Stop till I take a chaw of tobacco."

A DEFINITION.—"I say, Bill," called one boy to another, "what do them musical chaps mean by an Accordion?"

"Why don't you know—it's them *educated bellowses!*"

A QUEER SIGN.—There *is* now to be seen on a post at the corner of a street formerly in Faubourg du Temple, Paris, a placard with the following notice: "To be sold, the right of giving a name to this street"

RETORT.—"Is this your house and home?" asked a neighbor of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a pig-pen.

"No," replied the farmer, "I'm only boarding here."

AGE AND YOUTH.—An old man as he walks looks back and thinks of the past; a young man looks forward and thinks of the future; a child looks every where and thinks of nothing.

TIT FOR TAT.—"What are you hallering for when I am riding by?" said a rabbit to a saucy urchin in the street. "Humph, what are you *riding by for* when I'm hollering?"

TIME HONORED.—It is stated that in an old Immoral castle, near Canterbury, England, the exact bed has been rung nightly since the days of William the Conqueror.

A SUBSIDER.—A subsider in England having obtained a pension, somehow or other, gave up writing altogether. A wag remarked that he had become a pre-thinker.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

A HARD QUESTION.—There is something touching—deeply touching and thrilling, and we might even say disagreeable in the question— *Will you pay this bill, sir?*

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—The editor of the Rockmount Star tells the clearing of a woman's nails in her husband's face " *a correct in first principles !!*"

JUST SO.—"I say, my lad, are you the smell boy?"—"Whoy, yes; you don't s'pose I'm a fe-male boy, do you?"

A THICK VOICE.—There is a man down out who speaks so thick, that his voice is often taken for hasty pudding.

WELL-BRED.—Terrible pressure in the money market," as the mouse said, ten the keg of specie rolled over him.

ALLEGORY.—A moving magnolove in which are deposited dead rabbits, chickens, pigs and turtle fat.

Spring.

What is more beautiful than the coming of spring? The bleak, blustering winds of March have been succeeded by the soft breezes are just ruffled from the hollows, and in the valleys, when the warm rains of April come on, tearing the last vestige of winter from the mountains. The hill-sides all over with a most delicious verdure. The sky too is fleeced, and portals fall off—then comes again the bright blue of the sky, in which has only shone out at intervals during the long winter months, bursts forth with a splendor, that fills the intelligent heart of a God, glistening upon every rain-drop in the grass,—glittering streams, and mosses, and forest with life-dazzling rays, and covering the whole earth on with the glory of the Highest. And then perchance on the next morning the wind will come out whistling from the keen north-west, before which every light feathery cloud will flee down from the sky, the last tokens of departing winter—and soon as they touch the ground, melt on the humid earth. Then the evening comes on the calm, bright, illumined clouds, emitted all over the wide face of heaven will slowly lift from the west, and fill the whole arch of the sky, and the whole air with stream forth over the landscape, flinging a halo of effulgence over earth, and painting the western firmament with a thousand lights that are ever changing, ever varied April!—fickle, inconstant April,—yet how surpassingly beautiful! And then the next morning! Nothing on the robed bosom, with its bright emeralds, its late-like wind, its refreshing perfumes, its forests putting on their verdure, its streams singing like a young girl in her gladness, and its flowers beautiful and fragrant such as no pen can describe, and which can only be equalled in that far off country where the sun never sets, and where the flowers never fade from beside the rivers of light, encircling the throne of God. And all through the long, long hours the birds are returning to us from the glowing south, singing their accustomed lays beneath our windows.

> "They come from the shores of the green old Nile,
> From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
> From the groves of glowing Arabia."

And not a morning passes without our hearts leaping at the merry tones we have heard so often before, as we remember them, and we compare to the ancient grove. Ah! these are delicious hours. There is a freshness in every thing around. In the sweet air. We can linger for hours in companionship with some dear being, and know not the passing of time, unless it is as sweetest dream of happy slumber. We can take her hand and walk forth into the fields, with the flowers smiling before us at every step, the bee-winged rivulet leaping like a boy at play, the woods rustling pleasantly as the wind tosses their verdure aloft, and the birds hopping across our path, or shooting past upon the wing, and all the while rustling a thousand songs, until the very sky seems liquid with their music,—aye! and we can do all this and never think that we are in this accursed world, so bright, and beautiful, and yet like daily, common life, is every thing around us.

Summer of Real Life.

"Some years ago," says a foreign journal, "the captain of a Cutter carried off the wife of a wealthy wood-cutter, residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the Sicilian sea, totally regardless of what might befal her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her sole sovereign of his dominions. By all European nations, which country touched at the island, the poor wood-cutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of each vast value, that he will probably be one of the richest subjects in individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to summon him to her court."

Kind Justice.

"Take that ragged boy with you, and let me know your opinion of it as an old friend and confidential critic, as I know you to be," was said to a gentleman by a friend put in his pocket. On their next meeting, "Have you read my tragedy? and what do you think of it? I ask your candid opinion," said the author. "The fact is, I have not read it yet, but intend to take the first opportunity," said the old friend. "Then lose no time, I beg; for if you think that it will suffer your return the prize or the cage, I have five more ready, of which you shall have the first reading, in preference to any man in England," said the author. The old friend next day discovered that he had particular business at Paris, or the Antipodes, and set off by the mail, returning the tragedy, with a thousand regrets for its non-perusal.

A Few Disappointment.

There is nothing so dreadful as the host's first disappointment. To love vainly—ah! what it more agonizing. We feel as if every one had turned against us; as if there was nothing left to live for in this world; as if the springs of life, and the joy of existence had departed forever from us. The love of a friend may be recuperated for, and the ruin of our fortunes can be born without despair; but the heartbreak of a first love can never be ameliorated by aught on earth. Go where we will, the blight of the heart will continue with us. We can never forget. Hope will have dried up within us. We feel, like a stranger in a strange land, as an outcast on the world, beholding feelings in which we can no part around us, and constantly reminded daily of our misery by the happiness of others. Alas! for the one disappointed in a first love.

Destruction of the Aged.

Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their declining vigor; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes, it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but disconcert the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect existence.

Jesse Smith's Wit.

As solicitor, he had an office in a large house in Austin Friars. However, another James Smith, a barrister, had chambers in the same building, and the confusion arose from the letters of each falling into the hands of the other.—They met accordingly to remedy this inconvenience, and it was agreed that the only reason was, that either should take themselves somewhere else. The question then was, "which?"

"It will have yet there at last. was a great comfort, especially as there were lights still burning in the office within the Merchantmen street her eyes, with the backs of her hands, and then looked about her. Her self-possession was gone.

Mr. Chesshire was standing behind the bit of iron desk, with his hands in his pockets, looking at her. It was night, so pulling down the window-blinds and pulling up the gas-lights was unnecessary. The room was very quiet, and presently arranged itself in order. Mr. Chesshire was the first to speak.

"Now, Tom," said the owner of the country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the 'foreign leaders' into the *gallops and lies*" on page—let Napoli, she's finished, have a larger head—*Statesman* the "army in the East"—take up a line and finish the "British Minister"—make "the Queen" a little more conspicuous, she usually pay took command with herself, and there would be then no room for the "Kerry hunt" *out of the chase*—get your stick and conclude "the horrid murder" in the Times—begin last night—mash your heads and come in to dinner, and then see that all the pie is cleaned up."

Advertising.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Wortley Montague was more prudent: she used often into the hot bath to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

The Rose.

The finger of God himself has touched not the sweetness of the rose. Man has nothing to do with the adornment of the two sexes.—Man has signed woman replacement: man has the remaining density hand developed—woman the just-polite: man has the strength and elaborateness—woman has sweetness: man has the mysteries of intellectual labor—woman those of impulse: man is capable of deep reasoning—woman of quick perception, which is nearly the same thing as reasoning: man is formed for storing away distance, and counting every step of his progress—woman for seeing all things around her at once, observing the most prominent at a glance, and from these facts combining other objects, but always imperfectly. The intellectual faculty in man is compact and undivided, and therefore it is different: men of genius constantly devote themselves to some one favorite pursuit, and become comparatively unremarkable for their versatility. Man has the more correct *judgment*—woman the more correct *feelings*. He has a knowledge of right—she has often forgotten under a consciousness, that she feels it. Man is more forward, woman more modest—man is more daring, woman more timid—man is more selfish, woman more generous—man has more boldness, woman the stronger *affections*: man has boldness—woman *fortitude*: man can perform more deeds of courage, but always ingenious. The intellectual faculty in man is comparatively unmoved by impulse, and therefore it is more powerful in its results: it differs: men of genius constantly devote themselves to some one favorite pursuit, and become comparatively unremarkable for their versatility. Man has the more correct *judgment*—woman the more correct *feelings*. He has a knowledge of right—she has often forgotten under a consciousness